No. 1. Vol. II.

THE COMRADE

Baer-Faced Blasphemy.

COAL DEACON: "O Lord! We thank Thee that Thou hast in Thy wisdom given to us dominion over the earth and appointed us to care for those whom Thou hast called to a less exalted position, we—"

ANGEL MICHAEL: "To Hell, Hypocrite!"

In Bruges Town.

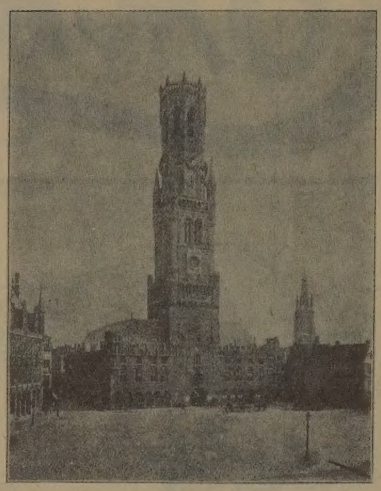
By GEORGE D. HERRON.

FOR truthless ages, such as ours,
Hath pitying time held Bruges fast—
Fair dream of free and faithful work,
Sweet city of a noble past.

Where ancient mills still grind the corn,
And crown the ramparts, there we stood,
And talked of Bruges' golden age,
And labor's better brotherhood.

Just then the hanging clouds caught fire,
From the descending winter sun;
And flames of purpling crimson rose,
Like doom of Rome or Babylon.

Yet not of judgment spoke the flames,
Nor of an earth redeemed by fire,



THE BELFRY.

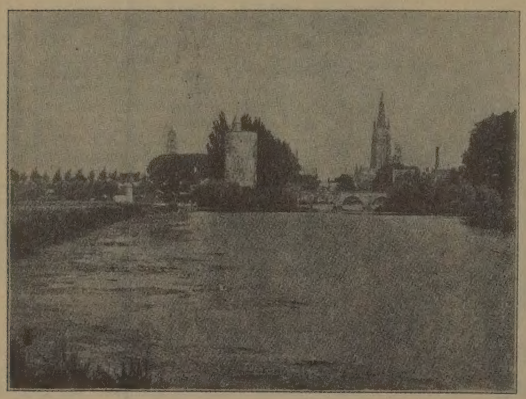
As Bruges, flame-enfolded, showed
Her pride of tower and lighted spire.

As we stood there, in her good past,
Her market-place, her Lac d'Amour,
Her ivy-walled canals and halls,
Foresaw we towns made labor-pure:

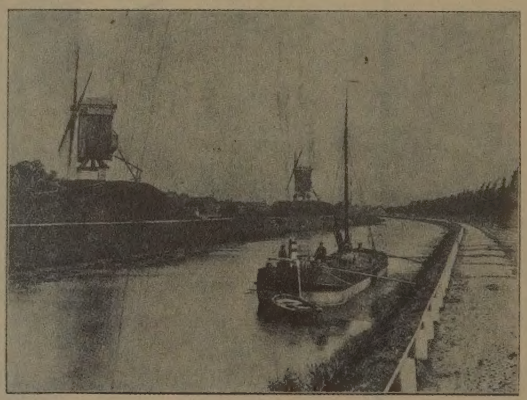
Towns built by art of comrade-love,
The dreams of love made wood and stone,
Brave symphonies of common work
That all the common life intone;

Towns that are joyous to the sun,
With no might but the lover's might,
Purer than New Jerusalems,
With no light but the lover's light;

Their labor but the fellowship
And overflow of comrade-life—
Labor that is the song of truth,
Labor that has forgotten strife.



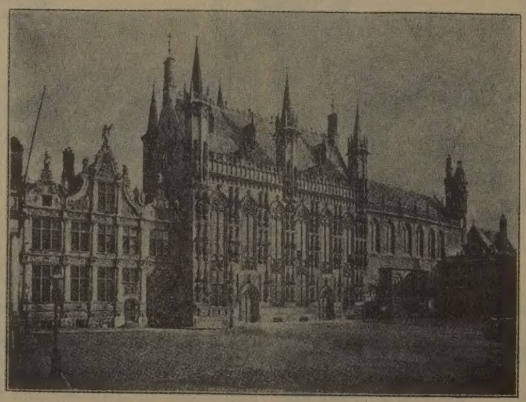
LE LAC D'AMOUR.



THE CANAL.

And, while we watched, the winter winds
Brought hope and healing on their wings,
Bearing a love-prayer to our souls,
Banishing thoughts of judgment-things.

We prayed the winds to bear away
The mind that but remembers wrong:



THE PALACE OF JUSTICE AND THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

To bring the mind that knows but love,
And gift us with the sun's love-song.

Then, far beyond the kindled sky,
From out the urgent calling west,
We saw the comrade-future smile,
The world in love, the race at rest.

The Women's National Socialist Union.

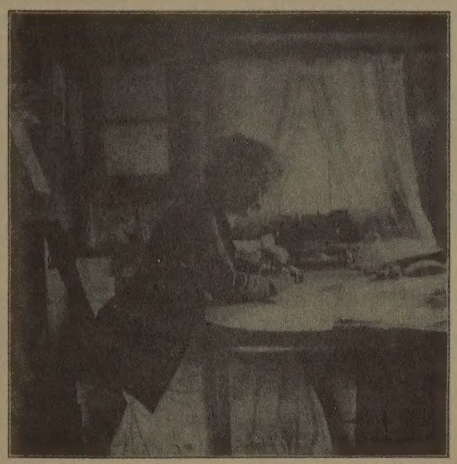
By WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT.

OME of us who write for the daily press receive many letters from women who have a vague interest in industrial conditions, but no real knowledge of the system underlying them. Some of these inquirers are willing to investigate the need for a Co-operative Commonwealth; but they are as yet mere sentimentalists, having no logical reason for the little faith that is in them, and therefore are not fit material to admit to the party organization if they would join it, which is doubtful. They are a class in themselves, potentially valuable and worth aiding (even from the selfish point of view), though not at present available for active service.

There is a second class, composed of the wives of those Socialists who believe that women should not attend the business meetings of the Locals, which also needs practical help if the women are to be fitted to train their sons.

And there is a third great class: the slumbering mothers!

Now, a mother may resist a plea for humanity in general. She may consider herself too old to investigate any new line of thought and therefore resent having her contented apathy disturbed. It is possible that even an appeal for her husband's welfare will not arouse her—unless she has seen him desperate because of conditions pertaining to labor—but few indeed refuse to listen to that which affects their children. And by the same token, the appeal to the mother nature dormant in every woman, if reinforced by logical training—will bring forth the strongest factor ever entered in a political revolution.



MRS. WENONAH STEVENS ABBOTT, PRESIDENT, OAK, SHASTA CO., CAL.

How is the appeal to be made? How are we to win them to systematic study? Not by using our party tactics, though these work admirably with men and such women as live more in the mental than the emotional nature. We may theorize as we will of the equality granted women in our party and the results thereof, but the stubborn fact remains that there are hundreds of capable women in the country who believe that Socialism is just and right, yet have not and will not join the political organization.

It is useless to deny that the average woman is no longer simply a human soul: she is by training and heredity, first, last, and always, Woman, and all else is incidental. When she knows what she wants, she will set to work intelligently to obtain it; but her first need is knowledge—knowledge of existing conditions, under which she ignorantly suffers and dooms her children to suffer; knowledge of the steps by which these conditions can be changed. This knowledge must precede the desire for change, for comparatively few are the cases where knowledge is spontaneously sought.

A newspaper woman, realizing the grave need of an association in which women could be taught to teach others, set to work to organize such a training school, enlisting many who have long been active in the Socialist cause. The preliminary work was slow; but from the first the ultimate good of this movement has been assured, because the need was great and the very nature of our political organization made it unfit to undertake this special education of women and children.

We grant the unity of the Socialist movement, but there are many factors contained in that composite unit and the time is near at hand when women will be regarded as one of the most important. Of course the Union accentuates the class struggle, since it is a fact that should not be shirked, but we deal with it especially as it affects women—women as workers, the wives of workers, or the mothers of workers.

There is no force in the world to-day more regenerative than the influence of womanhood, and no force that makes more strongly for the petrifaction of all budding aspirations than this same influence wrongly directed. Hundreds of babes—born and unborn—are being saturated with woman's narrowmindedness, hundreds of youths educated in false paths which it will take a vast amount of work to change; so, aside from the certainty that women will yet be voters, we must labor to free their minds in order that the awful weight of conservatism may be lifted from children's brains.

The tree of life will not bring forth perfect sociological fruit while women, who are its root, are dwarfed by false ideas.

Believing that the time has come when women must arouse from their lethargy and accept the burden of responsibility to their weaker sisters and the generations yet unborn, the members of the Union stand pledged: To teach the principles of the higher industrial system called the Co-operative Commonwealth; to enlist women in the advancement of these principles in every practical way that may present itself; to educate the young in these truths; to form a better public sentiment; and to do all in their power, individually and collectively, to bring about that universal co-operation founded upon the golden rule of love and justice, which shall take the place of competitive strife and discord.

It is well known that, even in war, women work best as scouts and irregulars, and, aside from any question of endurance, do most effective service when free to take their own initiative. Being, then, constitutionally best fitted to work along original lines, it is to be expected that each local Union will adopt its own methods to reach the ends sought.

In a general way it may be said that most local Unions will conduct three kinds of class work: one for women, in which they may receive drill in parliamentary usage, study the evolution of society, government and our industrial system, in the light of effects on the toiler, and fit themselves for active service as Socialist propagandists; another for youths, who follow an adaptation of the first two lines outlined for women, and such extra work as each Union may decide; a third for very young children, who are taught bits of Socialist verse, songs, dialogues and stories showing the great brotherhood of Nature.

The Union is open to any woman endorsing the principles of Socialism, who subscribes to the constitution and pays the very moderate fees. Men may also become honorary members.

MRS. MARION H. DUNHAM, COR. SEC'Y, BURLINGTON, IOWA.

MRS. MARY E. GARBUTT, VICE-PRES., LOS ANGELES, CAL.

MISS E. M. MASON, TREASURER, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The national officers are President, Vice-President-at-large, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary, and Treasurer. These national officers, with the Presidents of all states organized (or Representatives of states not organized), form the National Committee.

At present there are six departments of work in the national organization, with provision for adding others as needed. One is devoted to the study and publication of Socialist literature. Thus far the study has included the Mills' lessons and a carefully selected course of reading; the matter published consists of special lessons for young people, general newspaper articles and a leaflet of children's songs and dialogues—put out by the San Jose Union for the benefit of the cause. The second department, for propaganda of Socialism, is being handled as each local Union desires, but in addition to this the national organization is preparing travelling libraries to be sent to those places where neither party locals nor Unions have reading-rooms. This field will be covered as rapidly as funds will permit and donations of books are received. Dept. III., for the education of the young, has been outlined above. The fourth is for parliamentary drill and follows the usual methods. The fifth, devoted to legislation, will exert its strength this year to secure the school franchise in states where it is not yet granted women, and such other "immediate demands" as may suit localities. The sixth is for securing data regarding present industrial and social conditions. It should be a great aid to the party organization, as it can discover matters that would be less readily obtainable by men.

So, briefly, the Union may be said to be designed to help women help themselves and others in the search for economic truth; to train the rising generation, which will be our voting population a few years hence, so that it may present a solid army of thoughtful Socialists when ready to march to the polls; to exert all possible influence upon Boards of Education (which are as important as legislatures) and other associations affecting the lives of children and their parents; to prepare and distribute literature suitable for children and those adult minds that need specially prepared food; and to do such other work as may help clear the way leading to the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Cartoons by Ryan Walker.

The Man and the Star.

By FRANK STUHLMAN.

"Justice is the sun of everlasting light, but charity is a mocking star that gleams for the moment and then vanishes, leaving the sufferer in a still blacker night."

—Wisdom of Abdul Afiz.

IT was only four hours since the gallant Chevalier D'Alon stood prinked and perfumed in his court finery ready for the careless and gay and happy—yes, he regrand ball of the Marquise de Pompadour. Only four hours ago he was a free man among men with a sword by his side, membered that he was happy—for the moisture of fresh lips was still upon his own, and his fingers still seemed to clasp a small white hand and his whole being was still thrilling with the words of plighted troth of the one who was the fairest maid in all France to the ardent lover. Only four hours ago as he tied his sword-knot his lips were singing a merry carol, for the music in his heart was too joyous for repression—and, now, O God, the deepest dungeon of the Bastile, with its slime-covered walls and loathsome vermin peering at him like gloating demons!

He pressed his hands over his eyes to shut out the horrible blackness and before him, as in a vision, floated the scenes of the past few hours—the brilliant rooms with their velvet hangings and gorgeous adornments and deep-piled carpets and the little alcoves and hidden apartments. There were the shining courtiers and jewel-bedecked dames—the nobility, the wealth, the glory of France cringing, bowing, flattering to win a smile or favor from the sensual, faithless Louis or his shameless mistress, Jeanne Antoinette Poison, Marquise de Pompadour

Then it came back again—the meeting with the king in the little room—the monarch's infamous proposal of a nameless treachery toward his betrothed—how the blood seethed and boiled in his veins—the blow in the king's face with his open hand as the sword leaped from his side;—the rush of guards who disarmed and bound him;—the king's vicious laugh as he stood white as marble with the mark of five fingers showing incarnadine on his livid cheek;—and then this dungeon!

And the captain of the guard told him that the king in his mercy had commuted the death penalty to imprisonment for life.

The king's mercy! A bitter laugh rattled in the Chevalier's throat. Mother of God, to put away the quick blow of the ax and the swift passing of the spirit for years of the rotting away of body and soul in this nethermost hell of the Bastile! This was the mercy of Louis, called the Well Beloved!

And above the ground no man spoke the name of the Chevalier D'Alon and he was forgotten, but the king's cheek tingled for many a day at the memory of the Chevalier's downright blow.

Slowly the days passed. Once a day a piece of black bread was thrown to him and a flagon of water passed through a little slide in the wall. Sense of time was lost. No day, no night, only the appalling silence and darkness. But for the one little crevice formed to give enough air to sustain the wretched prisoner alive in the fetid atmosphere of the dungeon, he would have gone mad. Through this tiny aperature the Chevalier could see an atom of blue sky, so small that the little hand of his lady might have covered his entire view of the world. And he lay in his noisome cell dying a death each day (such was the mercy of the king!), wearing his heart out in agony, thinking of his beloved unprotected from the lust of the unspeakable king—longing for freedom, but held by stone walls and iron fetters on wrists and ankles, hoping for death, but the walls of flesh still confined his spirit. Afterward all else faded but the wish for death. One night when his misery was sorest, when it seemed as if brain and heart would snap, the Chevalier glanced at the tiny crevice and far out in the northern sky shone a star, clear, pure and bright. It searched out the opening and sent a ray into the dungeon as if it was the eye of God watching over His own. And the pain ceased gnawing at D'Alon's heart. Then the star passed away. And the next night it came again and with it something like peace stole over the troubled soul and the dungeon seemed not so gloomy for the visit of the star. Night after night it came bringing joy until all his nature became a passionate worship of the star. Just for that star gleam he lived; when it passed the memory sustained him and the anticipation of its return gave the little hope, without which life is impossible.

But the time came when the mighty swing and circle of the universe that sweeps worlds and planets in unwavering courses carried the star below the horizon and it appeared no more to D'Alon's waiting eyes. The first night it failed to send its comforting light the Chevalier was as if stunned by a great blow and the next, and the next his despair was greater than he could bear and he prayed: "O star, blessed star, come to me again, just one ray each night, just one!"

But the star, cold and beautiful and unhearing, went on its appointed path and, perchance, shone into other dens of suffering to lighten, to be loved and to depart, leaving a tenfold misery to be endured.

And the prisoner prayed and watched for days and nights and weeks until hope was dead. Then a blackness swept over his soul and he cursed (as the heart of man will sometime curse that which is dearer to him than life, earth and heaven) the star and turned his face toward the inner wall.

And the next morning when the jailer brought bread and water he found the prisoner upon the filthy heap of straw, dead.

How I Became a Socialist.

VII.

By Rev. T. H. HAGERTY.

CONVICTION grew upon me in my boyhood days—which has broadened and deepened with the out-going years—that human nature is inherently good. In the old Hebraic records, composite of earlier documents which register the world's notion of creation, I was caught by the reiteration of the idea of the goodness of all things. The after-development of tribe and nation, however, seems to give the lie to this primal verity. Prophets and philosophers in the cuneiform script and Vedic hymn of Egypt and India, singers and sculptors in the psalm and glistening marble of Palestine and Greece, throughout the centuries have sought to keep alive the sense of goodness in the brain of man. Yet all the time murder and rapine, disease and wretchedness flaunted denial in the face of truth. Pariah, slave, and bond-servant groaned in hopeless toil the while Kung-fu-sdu and Gotamma the Buddha proclaimed kindness and justice and David and Homer sang of high emprise.

Christianity came, with a catholic breadth of goodness, teaching the brotherhood of man, gathering up the treasures of foregoing ages wherewith to enrich the race, and sending messengers of peace through all the turbulent highways in every land. Far-reaching deeds of love marked its growth in palace and hovel: yet the clash of swords and the snarl of the slave-driver's lash broke in upon its holiness; and, ever and anon, hunger drove some mother to insane slaughter of the anæmic babe at her breast. The rich in high places rose up against a Savonarola and a Sir Thomas More and tried to silence the reproach of their goodness in death:

"And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large."

REV. FATHER HAGERTY.

Within reach of every banquet's savor crouched the gaunt figure of Poverty; and the shadows of the Universities swept athwart the bleak paths of Ignorance and intensified the darkness. Gradually, through all the travail of the earth's growth, came the machine to lift the burden from the straining muscles of men; and its only effect was to change the servitude of the many into an equally galling wage-slavery without surcease of misery and hate and crime. Meanwhile, the inherent goodness of human nature asserted itself in large heroism and patient bravery. Republics were builded out of the strength of the common people; and fine philosophies of liberty were engrossed upon the parchment of history, but humanity failed to reach the heights where gladness holds her breathing-places. The goodness of human nature seemed to be spent in the Sisyphus-like task of rolling some needless burden up the hill of Time and falling ever backward to the bottom in a futile renewal of toil.

As I read the annals of civilization in books and traced their later chapters in field and shop and factory, my early conviction of the inherent goodness of human nature was sharpened by its contrast with the physical evils everywhere so blatant. I saw the tragic waste of life wherewith the commerce of to-day stands crimsoned in the blood of the proletariat. I noticed little children slowly murdering by the loom and the sewing-machine. In the disease-sodden tenements of the slums I saw hundreds of men and women dragging out a living death, their lives foreshortening by the vilest adulteration of food and drink and by the foul air and reeking bodies of their fellow-men in the low, narrow rooms in which they huddled together. Drunkenness, insanity, and sexual perversions were all too common: nevertheless self-sacrifice, kindness, and wondrous patience were equally in evidence.

When, later on, I took up the study of medicine, a new light broke in upon the conditions of the poor to my mind, I learned that much of the sin in the world is physiologic rather than mental in its origin: and that, in order to improve men morally, one must first build them up physically. The most suitable environment must be had for the best physiologic development — for the maintenance of that "sound mind in a sound body" which is essential to normal thought and life. Now, as a matter of fact, the great mass of the people are wrongly situated from the medical point of view. A boy is born in the slums. His parents are too poor to call in a competent obstetrician and some half-ignorant midwife is hired instead. No proper examination is made of the infant. He has an adherent foreskin under which smegma gathers as he grows older. A constant irritation goes on which is soothed by self-administered counter-irritation. Before the child has reached the use of reason, and while, therefore, he is incapable of moral accountability, a habit has been formed. The age of puberty is prematurely reached and the boy thereafter becomes a confirmed masturbator, ending his days in an insane asylum. Here ignorance, poverty and unhealthy surroundings combine to wreck a human being and to rob him of all the earth's heritage of art and science and happiness. Owing to similar causes and the influence of heredity, which is the influence of previous environment projected into present environment, alcoholism ruins many a fair life. In studying Dr. Pepper's "System of Medicine," I was greatly impressed by Dr. James C. Wilson's arguments that "rum is at once the refuge and the snare of want, destitution and sorrow. . . . Exhausting toil under unfavorable circumstances as regards heat and confinement predisposes to drink, as in the case of foundrymen,

workers in rolling-mills, stokers and the like. . . . Monotony of occupation, as in the case of cobblers, tailors, bakers, printers, etc., especially when associated with close, ill-ventilated work-rooms and long hours of toil, exerts a strong predisposing influence. . . . Bodily weakness and inability to cope with the daily tasks imposed by necessity impel great numbers of persons of feeble constitution, especially among the laboring classes, to the abuse of alcohol." (Vol. V., pp. 575—577.) I found, also, that Dr. Charles F. Folsom, in his treatise on "Mental Diseases," proves that insanity is greatest where the concentration of population brings with it extremes of poverty and wealth: "Luxury, idleness, excesses, syphilis, debility, drunkenness, poverty, disease, and over-work produce vitiated constitutions in which varying types of insanity appear in various nations and climates." (Pepper's 'System of Medicine," Vol. V., p. 116.)

The starvation-wages doled out to girls in department-stores and sweat-shops drives them into the outer darkness of the brothel where dishonor, disease and death await them. One needs only read Dr. Sanger's "History of Prostitution" to know that industrial inequalities are, in the main, responsible for this unspeakable evil. Becoming interested in criminology, I studied the works of Lombroso, Ferri, Manouvier, Wilson, Maudsley, Leffingwell, Benedikt and Velenriti y Vivo. I interviewed criminals in the Harrison Street Police Station at Chicago and was especially startled by the answer which I received from a young man who had been arrested for forging U. S. two-cent stamps. He was of slender physique, refined and intellectual. His parents were hard-working people who had nothing to bequeath him except the outworn cell-tissues of their exhausted bodies. He had tried hard to turn his cunning of eye and hand to some honest account: but everywhere the profession of draughtsmen was overcrowded. After many a weary search for work, he found himself almost penniless. He did not possess the bodily strength to dig in the ditch nor engage in any work requiring vigor of muscle. "Society owes me a living," he said, "and if I cannot get it in an honest way, I'll get it the best way I can." This man had good qualities. He would never refuse to help a tramp nor a crippled newsboy. He was simply warped by false social conditions. In fact, "the French school of criminology has shown that the greater part of crime arises out of social conditions, and hence is amenable to reformation, by the changing of these conditions." (MacDonald, "Criminology," Part II, ch. III, p. 272 a.)

I asked myself, why do these conditions prevail? The world holds enough wealth, happiness, health and knowledge for all men. The means of life are round about us on every side. There is, in the nature of things, no need for delicate women and puny children to lead the purely animal life of drudgery in shop and tenement while all the earth is teeming with plenty and there are billions upon billions of cubic feet of pure aid in God's atmosphere to dawn the stifling, microbe-laden air of the slums. There is no need for the stunted bodies and blackened souls of men and women; no need for the zymotic diseases of typhoid and yellow-fever and small-pox and cholera which every year wipe out so many hopeful lives. We have the science, the machinery and the intelligence to clean out the plague-spots, the slums, the ill-ventilated work-rooms, the hours of exhausting toil, the ignorance, the poverty, and the crime which mar the fair face of Nature. Why, then. do the many suffer from these evils while the few enjoy immunity therefrom? Why are wretchedness and hunger the lot of the multitude while comfort and satiety are the fortune of the minority? Why must the thousands go out in a fruitless quest of the Holy Grail while the rich buy the genius and inspiration of painter and poet in canvas and verse and lock up the color and song of art in palaces where the millions may never enter to the feast of eye and ear and soul?

Chancing one day, about ten years ago, upon a copy of Marx's "Das Kapital," I read, with illuminating swiftness, the complete answer to the questions which I hardly partially solved, I thought, by advocating a world-wide, aggressive Labor Union to demand more of the product of the workers. I perceived through the keen lens of the Marxian philosophy that Profit has always been the evil spirit turning to naught the inherent goodness of man. Wipe out profit, interest and rent, give to each man through society the entire product of his labor, and all men will have opportunity to share equally in the good, the healthful, the intellectual, and the ennobling things which the centuries have heaped up for "the glory of God and the relief of man's estate." A thorough study of industrial development, as chiefly exemplified in the marvellous machines of the nineteenth century, convinced me that, as a people, we are at least fifty years behind the economic evolution and that, if we would keep abreast of the times and of our destiny as a race, we must take hold of the accumulated treasures of the ages and distribute them with equal hand to every son of Adam whose lawful heritage they are. Misery, disease, hate, and crime would then have no cause for being and, discovering that the stone of Sisyphus is but a useless congeries of Profits, we would pound it into macadam to pave the highways of emancipated Labor. And so, having unriddled the mystery of the world's imprisonment of human goodness, I became a Socialist.

Fraternally Yours,
Thos. J. Hagerty

Brotherhood.

By JAMES RAVENSCROFT.

NOT in the laying at each door
An equal share of this world's store;
Not in the cant of laws and creeds,
Nor in the scope of useless deeds:
To freely love and to forgive
Are all of knowing how to live.
When this is clearly understood
Mankind will have a brotherhood!

Gabriele d'Annunzio's New Play, "The Dead City."

NE of the chief attractions of the coming season in the dramatic world will be the appearance of Eleonora Duse in Gabriele d'Annunzio's "La Citta Morta" (The Dead City.)

Since her first visit to this country, in 1893, the great tragedienne has achieved world-wide fame and honor. By sheer force of genius alone she has forged ahead until she has to-day no equal except, perhaps, Sarah Bernhardt. It was she who induced d'Annunzio to essay dramatic writing, and "The Dead City," like "A Summer Night's Dream," and "Francesca da Rimini," was written for her. The last-named is now being translated by that scholarly critic, Mr. Arthur Symons.

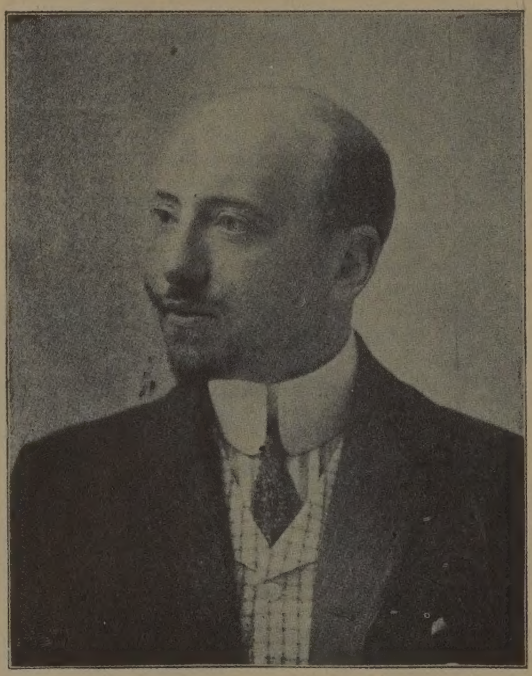
Gabriele d'Annunzio is to-day one of the greatest figures in the literature of Europe. As a psychological novelist, dramatist and poet he has been almost equally successful. No writer in modern times has shown himself so capable of profound psychological analysis as he. In all the devious ways of human passion there would seem to be no paths which, however difficult, are closed to his genius.

One of his pet projects is the establishment of an ideal theatre on the Lake of Albano, where his tragedies will be recited by Mme. Duse before vast audiences, admitted free. He is now writing a tragedy to be entitled "King Numa," in which Duse will have the role of the Nymph Egeria, and which will be the first of a series of tragedies dealing with the early history of Rome. He states that he has already secured the necessary capital, so there is every prospect of an early realization of his desire.

Like most great writers of the age, d'Annunzio is a Socialist: not a mere "sympathizer" with the people's cause, but one of its standard-bearers. The story of his entry into the Socialist ranks in the Italian Parliament has often been told, and there is no more dramatic episode in the history of political Socialism. He had been elected to the Chamber of Deputies as a Conservative. He was one of those who thought that some benevolent policy toward the poor would accomplish all that could be needed, and was soon shocked, therefore, by the utter indifference and callousness of his colleagues. After an exciting debate, in which he had vainly implored his Conservative friends to do something to alleviate the terrible misery of the great bulk of the people, finding them still imperturbable and hostile, he abjured them forever and declared that henceforth he would work with the Socialist Party as a comrade, "the only people," he declared, "with any feeling for either Art or Humanity." With that he left his seat on the Right and marched across to the Extreme Left, where he was warmly received by the Socialist members as a comrade-at-arms. It was a brave step, fearlessly and nobly taken. d'Annunzio has kept to his vow, and ever since has been using his splendid talents to spread the principles and help onward the triumph of Socialism.

"The Dead City" has lately been issued by Messrs. Laird & Lee, of Chicago. It is a tragedy in five acts, with a *dramatis personae* of five persons. The plot is exceedingly simple—just a story of misdirected love and silent suffering, interwoven with Grecian mythology.

Yet, simple as is the plot, there is in "The Dead City" every quality of dramatic power and appeal. And it will be strange indeed if Duse, with her wonderful genius, does not make of her part as Anna, the blind and suffering wife, one of the greatest stage successes of modern times.



GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

The translation of the text by Prof. G. Mantellini is altogether successful, and the book is enriched by a number of illustrations representing Duse in various scenes. S.

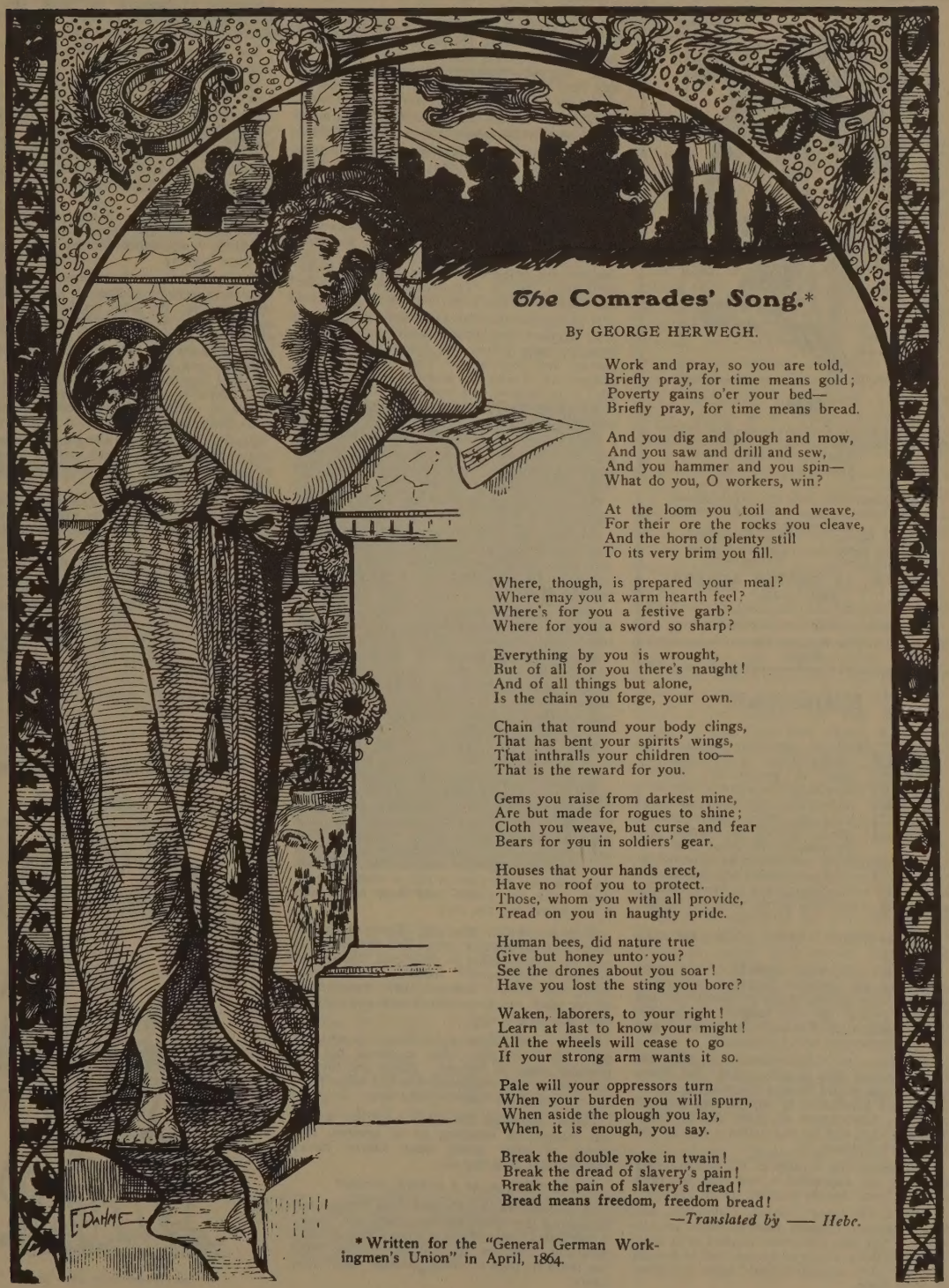
Longing.

By LIDA MAY LUTHER.

Tired of the ceaseless tread of feet,
Weary of dust and din,
I beat against the gloomy walls
That shut my vision in.

I long to go where breezes blow
O'er grass that's soft and green,
And wet with dew, 'neath skies so blue
O, I would lie and dream.

I long to go where the soul can grow,
Unbound by care or creed;
Where heart to heart we dare impart
The soul's most sacred need.

"Dear heart, I know," 'tis whispered low,
"The bitter pain and strife,
And ceaseless grind, in these we find,
The way to higher life."

The Comrades' Song.*

By GEORGE HERWEGH.

Work and pray, so you are told,
Briefly pray, for time means gold;
Poverty gains o'er your bed—
Briefly pray, for time means bread.

And you dig and plough and mow,
And you saw and drill and sew,
And you hammer and you spin—
What do you, O workers, win?

At the loom you toil and weave,
For their ore the rocks you cleave,
And the horn of plenty still
To its very brim you fill.

Where, though, is prepared your meal?
Where may you a warm hearth feel?
Where's for you a festive garb?
Where for you a sword so sharp?

Everything by you is wrought,
But of all for you there's naught!
And of all things but alone,
Is the chain you forge, your own.

Chain that round your body clings,
That has bent your spirits' wings,
That inthralls your children too—
That is the reward for you.

Gems you raise from darkest mine,
Are but made for rogues to shine;
Cloth you weave, but curse and fear
Bears for you in soldiers' gear.

Houses that your hands erect,
Have no roof you to protect.
Those, whom you with all provide,
Tread on you in haughty pride.

Human bees, did nature true
Give but honey unto you?
See the drones about you soar!
Have you lost the sting you bore?

Waken, laborers, to your right!
Learn at last to know your might!
All the wheels will cease to go
If your strong arm wants it so.

Pale will your oppressors turn
When your burden you will spurn,
When aside the plough you lay,
When, it is enough, you say.

Break the double yoke in twain!
Break the dread of slavery's pain!
Break the pain of slavery's dread!
Bread means freedom, freedom bread!

—Translated by —— Hebe.

*Written for the "General German Workingmen's Union" in April, 1864.

OCTOBER, 1902.

Subscription Price, ...$1.00 *per year*
Foreign Subscription, ...*Five Shillings*
Strictly in Advance.
Single Copies, ...10 *Cents*

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OFFICE, 11 COOPER SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

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Entered at the New York Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Editorial.

WHAT is popularly termed "the trust problem" is the paramount issue in present-day politics. Shielding themselves behind a technicality there are those who hope by crying "there are no trusts" to stop the clamor. But the people, the great mass of the working people, can never be deceived in that way. They know that in the principal industries the controlling power is being rapidly acquired by a few men to the peril of the nation.

And that is what is meant by the trust problem.

Fifty years ago when Karl Marx, the great founder of the modern Socialist movement, predicted this concentration of industrial and financial power, he was laughed at by the "wise" Statesmen, Political Economists and College Professors of that time.

Twenty-two years ago when an English Socialist visiting this country said that these combinations would become common and powerful, "in a generation or so," he was laughed to scorn; newspapers all over the land derided the idea, and he was called a fool by the *New York Tribune.*

Throughout the history of the world every man who has expressed a new idea has been called a "fool" by the smaller fry of his day.

Gallileo, Sir Isaac Newton, Columbus, Abraham Lincoln, Charles Darwin—here are the names of five men who were laughed at as fools by their fellows whose names are lost in eternal oblivion. Any schoolboy could name ten times as many more.

History has a strange way of reversing the decisions of the "wise men."

You will often hear Socialist teachings laughed at as being foolish and impracticable, just as the abolition movement was derided at first. But the Abolitionists triumphed, and today their names are honored. We are proud of the men who were mocked and beaten then.

Socialism is the new abolition movement which aims at the emancipation of the workers from their present enslavement to greedy corporations and others, who live, vampire like, upon their labor.

The Socialist contention that the only way to settle the trust question is for the people themselves to own all industries and manage them in their common interests, is declared to be impossible, just as the control of industries by corporations was declared to be impossible only a few years ago. But the Socialists have the better record as prophets!

It is claimed that the great corporations operate against the public welfare; they arbitrarily raise prices and lower wages; they control and corrupt our legislators and our judges—all of which is largely true. For remedy, it is claimed, we need only competition. "Give us competition and all will be well!" is the cry.

Foolish King Canute, bidding the waves of the ocean obey him, is an example of profound wisdom compared with the people who are crying for competition.

Competition belonged to the past, we have outgrown it.

No more wasteful system than the competitive system was ever known; we know now that waste is no more a good thing for a nation than for individuals. The old economists thought otherwise.

All the great financial panics and crises of the nineteenth century may be traced to that same source, competition.

Experience has taught the progressive nations of the world that competition means waste, weakness, panic and disaster. We don't want competition, and if we did it would be a vain desire. If every industrial combination was smashed and competition introduced into every part of the industrial world, it would not be long before monopoly reigned.

One of the chief reasons for the existence of the trust is that by eliminating competition, a great saving of labor is possible. In any rational system of society that ought to be a good thing, but under the corporation role of industry "saving of labor" merely means that less men are employed than before, and that the remainder are thrown out to compete with them with the result that long hours and lower wages are the rule.

Because of this the cry "Down with the trusts!" is a popular one. But the Socialist says the trusts cannot be destroyed, and should not be if they could. Instead of destroying them, use them. Destroy their dangers by taking them out of private hands and making them public property.

Under competition much labor is wasted; under the trust this labor is saved, but the workers reap no benefit. Many are thrown idle and become competitors in the labor market, reducing the wages of the rest.

Under Socialism the labor would be saved, but instead of resulting as at present, this saving of labor would mean shorter hours and brighter lives for all.

Which will you, as a worker, choose?

In addition to the Federal Anti-Trust Law, known as the Sherman Act, there are "Anti-Trust Laws" in over thirty States, but the corporations continue to flourish. What hope can there be then of relief through Anti-Trust Laws?

Another cry that is frequently heard is for legislation to "control" or "curb" the trusts. Many people whose honesty is beyond all question have adopted that cry.

But by what method is this "control" to be acquired?

How can the State of Illinois, for example, "control" a corporation that is domiciled in New Jersey? If it were possible in any State to effectually deny a corporation domiciled in another State the right to sue in its State courts, the corporation would still have the Federal Courts to fall back on, in which case the balance of advantage would be with the corporation.

How, on the other hand, can the Federal Government acquire that "control" without an entire readjustment of the whole question of State rights?

A Constitutional Amendment in this connection is vaguely spoken of, but the question still remains: By what method will you acquire an effective "control" when you have so amended the Constitution as to give the power into the hands of the Federal Government? In England and in Germany the power is undeniably centralized; concentration of industrial power is a serious problem there, yet no means of control have yet been devised apart from Socialization.

Finally: How could Congress "control" the international trusts, which, already beginning to appear, will ere long assume gigantic proportions?

NEITHER OF THE OLD POLITICAL PARTIES GIVES ANY HINT OF A REPLY TO THESE QUESTIONS; NEITHER OF THEM MAKES ANY DEFINITE PROPOSAL.

The Socialist alone rises above purely destructive criticism and challenges attention to a constructive policy. He insists that control cannot be separated from management and ownership. Who would control must be prepared to assume the responsibility of direction.

The only solution of the trust problem that is possible is for the whole people to be included to enjoy their advantages. Socialism says, "Let us not destroy the trusts, but let us own them instead."

S.

Capital and Labor.

WHY DON'T THEY DROP HIM?

Socialism in Denmark.

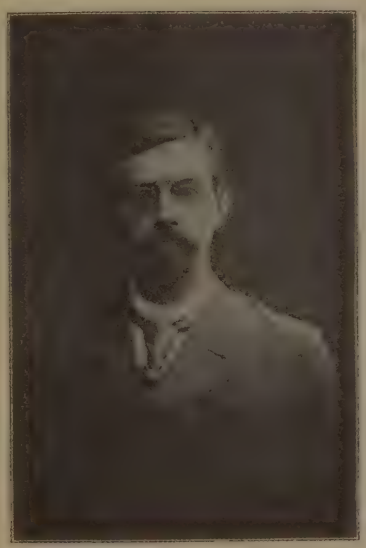
By Dr. GUSTAV BANG.

SOCIALISM in Denmark is strong by reason of its universality. All the different phases of the labor-movement, political and economical, have been united in the Socialist Party, blending harmoniously together and forming a sound and solid organism.

It had the sicknesses of childhood. Enthusiastically received by many laborers at the beginning of the seventies, Socialism was perilously shocked in 1877, when the leader of the party, bribed by the police, left the country. But from the beginning of the eighties the progress has been steady. Class-consciousness has been spreading in wider circles of the proletarians, and the organization has been gathering strength. Now, the position of the Socialist Party is a powerful one in Danish political and economical life. Measured by the extent of the country and the number of inhabitants, the Danish Socialist Party stands as the first in the world. Almost all the town laborers are Socialists, and in the country the prospects are good for a Socialist propaganda, not only among the land laborers, but also among the small farmers who are as much proletarians as the laborers, hardly working hard for small incomes. Just in the last year there has been a great movement among these small farmers in favor of the Socialist-Democratic Party.*

An illustration of this progress is the number of Socialist votes by the elections for the parliament. In 1881 there were 1,700; in 1890, there were 17,000; in 1901, the number rose to 43,000. In 1881 no Socialist candidate succeeded; in 1890, two; in 1901, 14 out of 114 were elected.

At the beginning of the eighties only one daily Socialist newspaper existed, the "Social-Demokraten," in Copenhagen, having a circulation of some few thousand copies; now its circulation is 43,000 copies—the biggest circulation of any daily newspaper in Denmark—and all the profit gained by this paper is used to found new Socialist papers in the provinces. There are now about twenty of these papers, with a daily circulation of some 50,000 copies. The same great progress is to be found in the trade unions; the number of organized laborers (engaged in industry and transport only) is more than 100,000; it can be estimated that 80 per cent. of the working men and 25 per cent. of the working women are trade unionists.



DR. GUSTAV BANG.

Between the Socialist Party and the trade unions there is perfect harmony. The trade unions and the Socialist unions are fellow-owners of all the Socialist press in Denmark. The Federation of Danish Trade Unions elects members for the general direction of the party, and vice versa. While no trade unionist is actually and formally obliged to be a Socialist, the fact is that they all are Socialists. The trade unions are the best schools of class-consciousness and class-war, leading directly to Socialism. The general lock-out in 1899 was a gigantic war, made by the employers against Socialism as well as against trade unionism, but won by the Socialist workmen.

By this association with the trade unions the Social-Democratic Party has preserved itself as a labor party, founded on the interests of the proletariat, and has evaded all conflicts between dissenting Socialist schools. For Anarchism, Georgeism, "Christian" Socialism, and other quacking "isms" there is no room in Denmark. Theoretically the Danish Socialist Party is quite Marxist—in most respects equal to the German party.

The political tactics have been prescribed by the circumstances. An alliance between Socialists and Radicals in the political elections has been necessary with the common intention to break down the reactionary party, which, in despite of all elections, kept the ministeries for itself and established a destructive militarism. At last, in 1901, the reactionaries, reduced to a very small minority, left the ministry, and the liberals have succeeded them. The tactics of the Socialist Party in the next few years will be a consequence of the politics of the reigning party. On democratic proposals they will find us helping them; on conservative proposals they will find us fighting against them. The next point where the war will be burning is the universal suffrage by the municipal elections in place of the two-class system now existing.

Much is reached by the proletarian class-struggle: higher wages, shorter hours of work and social legislation that in many respects betters the conditions of the poor; small things, however, compared with the daily existing capitalistic expropriation. But we are steadily advancing to the conquest of the political powers by the proletariat as the only way to secure economical and social freedom and a wise organization of society.

COPENHAGEN, September, 1902.

*This is the official title of the party in Denmark.—Ed.

News from Nowhere.

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

(*Continued.*)

UT just then from some tower high up in the air came the sound of silvery chimes playing a sweet, clear tune, that sounded to my unaccustomed ears like the song of the first blackbird in the spring, and called a rush of memories to my mind, some of bad times, some of good, but all sweetened now into mere pleasure.

"No more questions now before dinner," said Clara; and she took my hand as an affectionate child would, and led me out of the room and down stairs into the forecourt of the Museum, leaving the two Hammonds to follow as they pleased.

We went into the market place which I had been in before, a thinnish stream of elegantly* dressed people going along with us. We turned into the cloister, and came to a richly molded and carved doorway, (where a very pretty dark-haired young girl gave us each a beautiful bunch of summer flowers, and we entered a hall much bigger than that of the Hammersmith Guest House, more elaborate in its architecture, and perhaps more beautiful. I found it difficult to keep my eyes off the wall pictures (for I thought it bad manners to stare at Clara all the time, though she was quite worth it). I saw at a glance that their subjects were taken from queer old-world myths and imaginations which in yesterday's world only about half a dozen people in the country knew anything about; and when the two Hammonds sat down opposite to us, I said to the old man, pointing to the frieze:

"How strange to see such subjects here."

"Why?" said he. "I don't see why you should be surprised. Everybody knows the tales, and they are graceful and pleasant subjects, not too tragic for a place where people mostly eat and drink and amuse themselves, and yet full of incident."

I smiled and said: "Well, I scarcely expected to find record of the Seven Swans and the King of the Golden Mountain and Faithful Henry, and such curious, pleasant imaginations as Jacob Grimm, got together from the childhood of the world, barely lingering even in his time. I should have thought you would have forgotten such childishness by this time."

The old man smiled and said nothing, but Dick turned rather red, and broke out:

"What *do* you mean, guest? I think them very beautiful; I mean not only the pictures, but the stories; and when we were children we used to imagine them going on in every wood-end, by the bight of every stream; every house in the fields was the Fairyland King's House to us. Don't you remember, Clara?"

"Yes," she said, and it seemed to me as if a slight cloud came over her fair face. I was going to speak to her on the subject, when the pretty waitresses came to us, smiling and chattering sweetly, like reed warblers by the river side, and fell to giving us our dinner. As to this, as at our breakfast, everything was cooked and served with a daintiness which showed that those who had prepared it were interested in it; but there was no excess either of quantity or of gourmandise; everything was simple, though so excellent of its kind; and it was made clear to us that this was no feast, only an ordinary meal. The glass, crockery and plate were very beautiful to my eyes, used to the study of mediæval art; but a nineteenth century club haunter would, I daresay, have found them rough, and lacking in finish; the crockery being lead-glazed potware, though beautifully ornamented; the only porcelain being here and there a piece of old Oriental ware. The glass, again, though elegant and quaint, and very varied in form, was somewhat bubbled and hornier in texture than the commercial articles of the nineteenth century. The furniture and general fittings of the hall were much of a piece with the table gear, beautiful in form, and highly ornamented, but without the commercial "finish" of the joiners and cabinet makers of our time. Withal, there was a total absence of what the nineteenth century calls "comfort"—that is, stuffy inconvenience; so that, even apart from the delightful excitement of the day, I had never eaten my dinner so pleasantly before.

When we had done eating, and were sitting a little while, with a bottle of very good Bordeaux wine before us, Clara came back to the question of the subject matter of the pictures, as though it had troubled her.

She looked up at them, and said: "How is it that though we are so interested with our life for the most part, yet when people take to writing poems or painting pictures they seldom deal with our modern life; or, if they do, take good care to make their poems or pictures unlike that life? Are we not good enough to paint ourselves? How is it that we find the dreadful times of the past so interesting to us—in pictures and poetry?"

Old Hammond smiled. "It always was so, and I suppose always will be," said he. "However, it may be explained. It is true that in the nineteenth century, when there was so little art, and so much talk about it, there was a theory that art and imaginative literature ought to deal with contemporary life; but they never did so; for, if there was any pretense of it, the author always took care (as Clara hinted just now) to disguise, or exaggerate, or idealize, and in some way or another make it strange; so that, for all the verisimilitude there was, he might just as well have dealt with the times of the Pharaohs."

"Well," said Dick, "surely it is but natural to like these things strange, just as when we were children, as I said just now, we used to pretend to be so-and-so in such and such a place. That's what these pictures and poems do, and why shouldn't they?"

"Thou hast hit it, Dick," quoth old Hammond. "It is the child-like part of us that produces works of imagination. When we are children time passes so slow with us that we seem to have time for everything."

He sighed, and then smiled and said: "At least let us rejoice that we have got back our childhood again. I drink to the days that are!"

"Second childhood," said I in a low voice, and then blushed at my double rudeness, and hoped that he hadn't heard. But he had, and turned to me smiling, and said: "Yes. Why not? And for my part I hope it may last long, and that the world's next period of wise and unhappy manhood, if that should happen, will speedily lead us to a third childhood, if indeed this age be not our third. Meantime, my friend, you must know that we are too happy, both individually and collectively, to trouble ourselves about what is to come hereafter."

"Well, for my part," said Clara, "I wish we were interesting enough to be written or painted about."

Dick answered her with some lover's speech, impossible to be written down, and then we sat quiet awhile.

*"Elegant," I mean, as a Persian pattern is elegant; not like a rich "elegant" lady out for a morning call. I shall rather call that genteel.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW THE CHANGE CAME.

ICK broke the silence at last, saying: "Guest, forgive us for a little after-dinner dulness. What would you like to do? Shall we have out Greylocks and trot back to Hammersmith? or will you come with us and hear some Welsh folk sing in a hall close by here? or would you like presently to come with me into the City and see some really fine building? or—what shall it be?"

"Well," said I, "as I am a stranger, I must let you choose for me."

In point of fact, I did not by any means want to be "amused" just then; and also I rather felt as if the old man, with his knowledge of past times, and even a kind of inverted sympathy for them caused by his active hatred of them, was as it were a blanket for me against the cold of this very new world, where I was, so to say, stripped bare of every habitual thought and way of acting; and I did not want to leave him too soon. He came to my rescue at once, and said:

"Wait a bit, Dick; there is someone else to be consulted besides you and the guest here, and that is I. I am not going to lose the pleasure of his company just now, especially as I know he has something else to ask me. So go to your Welshmen, by all means; but first of all bring us another bottle of wine to this nook, and then be off as soon as you like; and come again and fetch our friend to go westward, but not too soon."

Dick nodded smilingly, and the old man and I were soon alone in the great hall, the afternoon sun gleaming on the red wine in our tall quaint-shaped glasses. Then said Hammond:

"Does anything especially puzzle you about our way of living, now you have heard a good deal and seen a little of it?"

Said I: "I think what puzzles me most is how it all came about."

"It well may," said he, "so great as the change is. It would be difficult indeed to tell you the whole story, perhaps impossible: knowledge, discontent, treachery, disappointment, ruin, misery, despair—those who worked for the change because they could see further than other people went through all these phases of suffering; and doubtless all the time the most of men looked on, not knowing what was doing, thinking it all a matter of course, like the rising and setting of the sun—and indeed it was so."

"Tell me one thing, if you can," said I. "Did the change, the 'revolution' it used to be called, come peacefully?"

"Peacefully?" said he; "what peace was there amongst those poor confused wretches of the nineteenth century? It was war from beginning to end: bitter war, till hope and pleasure put an end to it."

"Do you mean actual fighting with weapons?" said I, "or the strikes and lock-outs and starvation of which we have heard?"

"Both, both," he said. "As a matter of fact, the history of the terrible period of transition from commercial slavery to freedom may thus be summarized. When the hope of realizing a communal condition of life for all men arose, quite late in the nineteenth century, the power of the middle classes, the then tyrants of society, was so enormous and crushing, that to almost all men, even those who had, you may say despite themselves, despite their reason and judgment, conceived such hopes, it seemed a dream. So much was this the case that some of those more enlightened men who were then called Socialists, although they well knew, and even stated in public, that the only reasonable condition of Society was that of pure Communism (such as you now see around you), yet shrunk from what seemed to them the barren task of preaching the realization of a happy dream. Looking back now, we can see that the great motive-power of the change was a longing for freedom and equality, akin if you please to the unreasonable passion of the lover; a sickness of heart that rejected with loathing the aimless solitary life of the well-to-do educated man of that time: phrases, my dear friend, which have lost their meaning to us of the present day; so far removed we are from the dreadful facts which they represent.

"Well, these men, though conscious of this feeling, had no faith in it, as a means of bringing about the change. Nor was that wonderful: for looking around them they saw the huge mass of the oppressed classes too much burdened with the misery of their lives, and too much overwhelmed by the selfishness of misery, to be able to form a conception of any escape from it except by the ordinary way prescribed by the system of slavery under which they lived; which was nothing more than a remote chance of climbing out of the oppressed into the oppressing class.

"Therefore, though they knew that the only reasonable aim for those who would better the world was a condition of equality, in their impatience and despair they managed to convince themselves that if they could by hook or by crook get the machinery of production and the management of property so altered that the 'lower classes' (so the horrible word ran) might have their slavery somewhat ameliorated, they would be ready to fit into this machinery, and would use it for bettering their condition still more and still more, until at last the result would be a practical equality (they were very fond of using the word 'practical'), because 'the rich' would be forced to pay so much for keeping 'the poor' in a tolerable condition that the condition of riches would become no longer valuable and would gradually die out. Do you follow me?"

"Partly," said I. "Go on."

Said old Hammond: "Well, since you follow me, you will see that as a theory this was not altogether unreasonable; but 'practically,' it turned out a failure."

"How so?" said I.

"Well, don't you see," said he, "because it involved the making of a machinery by those who didn't know what they wanted the machines to do. So far as the masses of the oppressed class furthered this scheme of improvement, they did it to get themselves improved slave-rations—as many of them as could. And if those classes had really been incapable of being touched by that instinct which produced the passion for freedom and equality aforesaid, what would have happened, I think, would have been this: that a certain part of the working classes would have been so far improved in condition that they would have approached the condition of the middling rich men; but below them would have been a great class of most miserable slaves, whose slavery would have been far more hopeless than the older class-slavery had been."

"What stood in the way of this?" said I.

"Why, of course," said he, "just that instinct for freedom aforesaid. It is true that the slave-class could not conceive the happiness of a free life. Yet they grew to understand (and very speedily, too) that they were oppressed by their masters, and they assumed, you see how justly, that they could do without them, though perhaps they scarce knew how; so that it came to this, that though they could not look forward to the happiness or peace of the freeman, they did at least look forward to the war which a vague hope told them would bring that peace about."

"Could you tell me rather more closely what actually took place?" said I; for I thought *him* rather vague here.

"Yes," he said, "I can. That machinery of life for the use of people who didn't know what they wanted of it, and which was known at the time as State Socialism, was partly in motion, though in a very piecemeal way. But it did not work smoothly; it was, of course, resisted at every turn by the capitalists; and no wonder, for it tended more and more to upset the commercial system I have told you of, without providing anything really effective in its place. The result was growing confusion, great suffering amongst the working classes, and,

as a consequence, great discontent. For a long time matters went on like this. The power of the upper classes had lessened, as their command over wealth lessened, and they could not carry things wholly by the high hand as they had been used to in earlier days. So far the State Socialists were justified by the result. On the other hand, the working classes were ill-organized, and growing poorer in reality, in spite of the gains (also real in the long run) which they had forced from the masters. Thus matters hung in the balance; the masters could not reduce their slaves to complete subjection, though they put down some feeble and partial riots easily enough. The workers forced their masters to grant them ameliorations, real or imaginary, of their conditions, but could not force freedom from them. At last came a great crash. To explain this you must understand that very great progress had been made amongst the workers, though as before said but little in the direction of improved livelihood."

I played the innocent and said: "In what direction could they improve, if not in livelihood?"

Said he: "In the power to bring about a state of things in which livelihood would be full, and easy to gain. They had at last learned how to combine after a long period of mistakes and disasters. The workmen had now a regular organization in the struggle against their masters, a struggle which for more than half a century had been accepted as an inevitable part of the conditions of the modern system of labor and production. This combination had now taken the form of a federation of all or almost all the recognized wage-paid employments, and it was by its means that those betterments of the conditions of the workmen had been forced from the masters: and though they were not seldom mixed up with the rioting that happened, especially in the earlier days of their organization, it by no means formed an essential part of their tactics; indeed at the time I am now speaking of they had got to be so strong that most commonly the mere threat of a 'strike' was enough to gain any minor point: because they had given up the foolish tactics of the ancient trades unions of calling out of work a part only of the workers of such and such an industry, and supporting them while out of work on the labor of those that remained in. By this time they had a biggish fund of money for the support of strikes, and could stop a certain industry altogether for a time if they so determined."

Said I: "Was there not a serious danger of such moneys being misused—of jobbery, in fact?"

Old Hammond wriggled uneasily on his seat, and said:

"Though all this happened so long ago, I still feel the pain of mere shame when I have to tell you that it was more than a danger: that such rascality often happened; indeed, more than once the whole combination seemed dropping to pieces because of it: but at the time of which I am telling, things looked so threatening, and to the workmen at least the necessity of their dealing with the fast-gathering trouble which the labor-struggle had brought about, was so clear, that the conditions of the times had begot a deep seriousness amongst all reasonable people; a determination which put aside all non-essentials, and which to thinking men was ominous of the swiftly approaching change: such an element was too dangerous for mere traitors and self-seekers, and one by one they were thrust out and mostly joined the declared reactionaries."

"How about those ameliorations," said I; "what were they? or rather of what nature?"

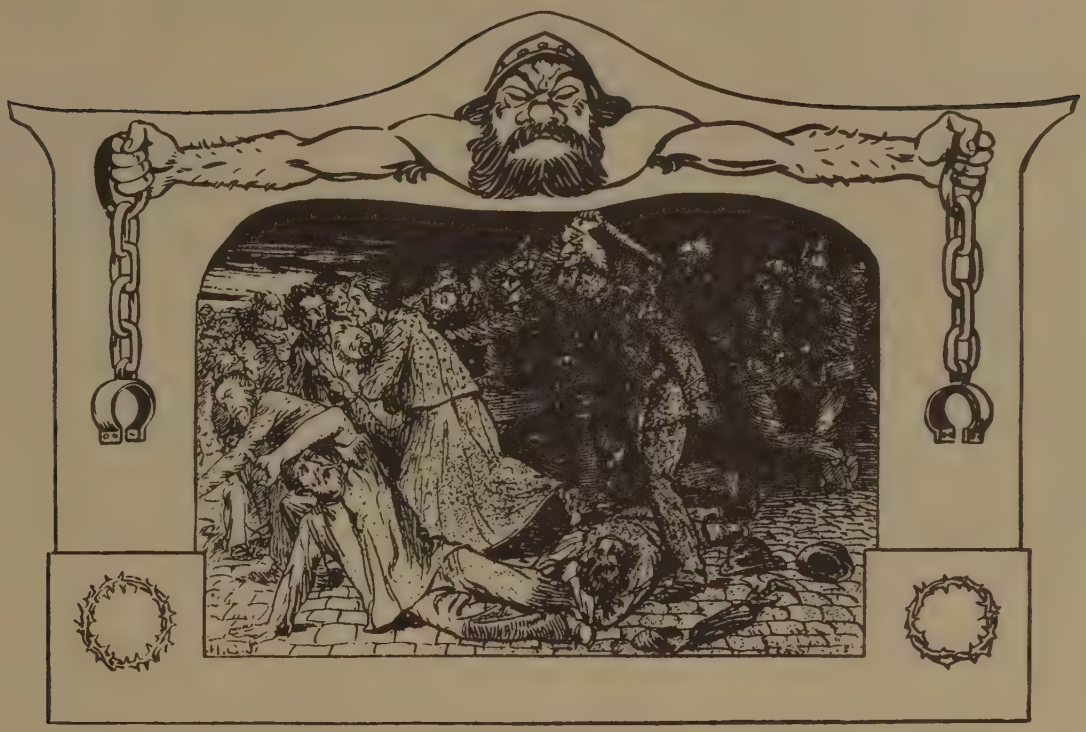
Said he: "Some of them, and these of the most practical importance to the men's livelihood, were yielded by the masters by direct compulsion on the part of the men; the new conditions of labor so gained were indeed only customary, enforced by no law; but, once established, the masters durst not attempt to withdraw them in face of the growing power of the combined workers. Some again were steps on the path of 'State Socialism;' the most important of which can be speedily summed up. At the end of the nineteenth century the cry arose for compelling the masters to employ their men a less number of hours in the day: this cry gathered volume quickly, and the masters had to yield to it. But it was, of course, clear that unless this meant a higher price for work per hour, it would be a mere nullity, and that the masters, unless forced, would reduce it to that. Therefore, after a long struggle another law was passed fixing a minimum price for labor in the most important industries; which again had to be supplemented by a law fixing the maximum price on the chief wares then considered necessary for a workman's life."

"You were getting perilously near to the late Roman poor-rates," said I, smiling, "and the doling out of bread to the proletariat."

"So many said at the time," said the old man drily; "and it has long been a commonplace that that slough awaits State Socialism in the end, if it gets to the end, which, as you know, it did not with us. However, it went further than this minimum and maximum business, which, by the bye, we can now see was necessary. The government now found it imperative on them to meet the outcry of the master class at the approaching destruction of commerce (as desirable, had they known it, as the extinction of the cholera, which has since happily taken place). And they were forced to meet it by a measure hostile to the masters, the establishment of government factories for the production of necessary wares, and markets for their sale. These measures taken altogether did do something: they were, in fact, of the nature of regulations made by the commander of a beleaguered city. But, of course, to the privileged classes it seemed as if the end of the world were come when such laws were enacted.

"Nor was that altogether without a warrant: the spread of communistic theories, and the partial practice of State Socialism had at first disturbed, and at last almost paralyzed the marvelous system of commerce under which the old world had lived so feverishly, and had produced for some few a life of gambler's pleasure, and for many, or most, a life of mere misery: over and over again came 'bad times' as they were called, and indeed they were bad enough for the wage-slaves. The year 1952 was one of the worst of these times; the workmen suffered dreadfully: the partial, inefficient government factories, which were terribly jobbed, all but broke down, and a vast part of the population had for the time being to be fed on undisguised 'charity' as it was called.

"The Combined Workers watched the situation with mingled hope and anxiety. They had already formulated their general demands; but now by a solemn and universal vote of the whole of their federated societies, they insisted on the first step being taken toward carrying out their demands; this step would have led directly to handing over the management of the whole natural resources of the country, together with the machinery for using them, into the power of the Combined Workers, and the reduction of the privileged classes into the position of pensioners obviously dependent on the pleasure of the workers. The 'Resolution,' as it was called, which was widely published in the newspapers of the day, was in fact a declaration of war, and was so accepted by the master class. They began henceforward to prepare for a firm stand against the 'brutal and ferocious communism of the day,' as they phrased it. And as they were in many ways still very powerful, or seemed so to be; they still hoped by means of brute force to regain some of what they had lost, and perhaps in the end the whole of it. It was said amongst them on all hands that it had been a great mistake of the various governments not to have resisted sooner; and the liberals and radicals (the name, as perhaps you may know, of the more democratically inclined part of the ruling classes) were much blamed for having led the world to this pass by their mistimed pedantry and foolish sentimentality: and one Gladstone, or Gledstein (probably, judging by this name, of Scandinavian descent), a notable politician of the nineteenth century, was especially singled out for reprobation in this respect. I need scarcely point out to you the absurdity of all this. But terrible tragedy lay hidden behind this grinning through a horse-collar of the



reactionary party. 'The insatiable greed of the lower classes must be repressed'—'The people must be taught a lesson'—these were the sacramental phrases current amongst the reactionists, and ominous enough they were."

The old man stopped to look keenly at my attentive and wondering face; and then said:

"I know, dear guest, that I have been using words and phrases which few people amongst us could understand without long and laborious explanation; and not even then perhaps. But since you have not yet gone to sleep, and since I am speaking to you as to a being from another planet, I may venture to ask you if you have followed me thus far?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "I quite understand: pray go on; a great deal of what you have been saying was common-place with us—when—when——"

"Yes," said he, gravely, "when you were dwelling in the other planet. Well, now for the crash aforesaid.

"On some comparatively trifling occasion a great meeting was summoned by the workmen leaders to meet in Trafalgar Square (about the right to meet in which place there had for years been bickering). The civic bourgeois guard (called the police) attacked the said meeting with bludgeons, according to their custom; many people were hurt in the melee, of which five in all died, either trampled to death on the spot, or from the effects of their cudgeling; the meeting was scattered, and some hundred of prisoners cast into gaol. A similar meeting had been treated in the same way a few days before at a place called Manchester, which has now disappeared. Thus the 'lesson' began. The whole country was thrown into a ferment by this; meetings were held which attempted some rough organization for the holding of another meeting to retort on the authorities. A huge crowd assembled in Trafalgar Square and the neighborhood (then a place of crowded streets), and was too big for the bludgeon-armed police to cope with; there was a good deal of dry-blow fighting; three or four of the people were killed, and half a score of policemen were crushed to death in the throng, and the rest got away as they could. This was a victory for the people as far as it went. The next day all London (remember what it was in those days) was in a state of turmoil. Many of the rich fled to the country; the executive got together soldiery, but did not dare to use them; and the police could not be massed in any one place, because riots or threats of riots were everywhere. But in Manchester, where the people were not so courageous or not so desperate as in London, several of the popular leaders were arrested. In London a convention of leaders was got together from the Federation of Combined Workmen, and sat under the old revolutionary name of the Committee of Public Safety; but as they had no drilled and armed body of men to direct, they attempted no aggressive measures, but only placarded the walls with somewhat vague appeals to the workmen not to allow themselves to be trampled upon. However, they called a meeting in Trafalgar Square for the day fortnight of the last-mentioned skirmish.

"Meantime the town grew no quieter, and business came pretty much to an end. The newspapers—then, as always hitherto, almost entirely in the hands of the masters—clamored to the Government for repressive measures; the rich citizens were enrolled as an extra body of police, and armed with bludgeons like them; many of these were strong, well-fed, full-blooded young men, and had plenty of stomach for fighting; but the Government did not dare to use them, and contented itself with getting full powers voted to it by the Parliament for suppressing any revolt, and bringing up more and more soldiers to London. Thus passed the week after the great meeting: almost as large a one was held on the Sunday, which went off peaceably on the whole, as no opposition to it

was offered, and again the people cried 'victory.' But on the Monday the people woke up to find that they were hungry. During the last few days there had been groups of men parading the streets asking (or, if you please, demanding) money to buy food; and what for goodwill, what for fear, the richer people gave them a good deal. The authorities of the parishes also (I haven't time to explain that phrase at present) gave willy-nilly what provisions they could to wandering people; and the Government, by means of its feeble national workshops, also fed a good number of half-starved folk. But in addition to this, several bakers' shops and other provision stores had been emptied without a great deal of disturbance. So far, so good. But on the Monday in question the Committee of Public Safety, on the one hand afraid of general unorganized pillage, and on the other emboldened by the wavering conduct of the authorities, sent a deputation provided with carts and all necessary gear to clear out two or three big provision stores in the center of the town, leaving papers with the shop managers promising to pay the price of them: and also in the part of the town where they were strongest they took possession of several bakers' shops and set men at work in them for the benefit of the people;—all of which was done with little or no disturbance, the police assisting in keeping order at the sack of the stores, as they would have done at a big fire.

"But at this last stroke the reactionaries were so alarmed, that they were determined to force the executive into action. The newspapers next day all blazed into the fury of frightened people, and threatened the people, the Government, and everybody they could think of, unless 'order were at once restored.' A deputation of leading commercial people waited on the Government and told them that if they did not at once arrest the Committee of Public Safety, they themselves would gather a body of men, arm them, and fall on 'the incendiaries,' as they called them.

"They, together with a number of the newspaper editors, had a long interview with the heads of the Government and two or three military men, the deftest in their art that the country could furnish. The deputation came away from that interview, says a contemporary eyewitness, smiling and satisfied, and said no more about raising an anti-popular army, but that afternoon left London with their families for their country seats or elsewhere.

"The next morning the Government proclaimed a state of siege in London,—a thing common enough amongst the absolutist governments on the Continent, but unheard-of in England in those days. They appointed the youngest and cleverest of their generals to command the proclaimed district; a man who had won a certain sort of reputation in the disgraceful wars in which the country had been long engaged from time to time. The newspapers were in ecstacies, and all the most fervent of the reactionaries now came to the front; men who in ordinary times were forced to keep their opinions to themselves or their immediate circle, but who began to look forward to crushing once for all the Socialist, and even democratic tendencies, which, said they, had been treated with such foolish indulgence for the last sixty years.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

I CANNOT think it probable that the working classes will be permanently contented with the condition of laboring for wages as their ultimate state. To work at the bidding and for the profit of another, without any interest in the work—the price of their labor being adjusted by hostile competition, one side demanding as much and the other paying as little as possible—is not, even when wages are high, a satisfactory state to human beings of educated intelligence, who have ceased to think themselves naturally inferior to those whom they serve."—John Stuart Mill, "Principles of Political Economy."

POLITICAL Economy (the economy of a State, or of citizens) consists simply in the production, preservation and distribution, at fittest time and place, of useful or pleasurable things. The farmer who cuts his hay at the right time; the shipwright who drives his bolts well home in sound wood; the builder who lays good bricks in well tempered mortar; the housewife who takes care of the furniture in the parlor, and guards against all waste in her kitchen; and the singer who rightly disciplines her voice, are all political economists in the true and final sense; adding continually to the riches and well being of the nation to which they belong."—John Ruskin, "Unto this Last."

The Printing Press.

By WILLIAM MOUNTAIN.

OU think the press a wonderful invention! But you have never watched one day by day, week after week, year after year, with its endless monotonous clank and grind and whirl, till you become its slave.

"Men think they make machines when they are creating devils, imps of torture! Machines are never slaves; they are masters. They are monsters that fascinate only to crush. You begin by loving and end by loathing them. They grind away the most robust life, like rain on granite. The strong, alert and hopeful young, leave them decrepid, stooped and crushed. The sweet life of the youth goes into the cruel wheels. They grind and grind and grind, dripping with blood, mangling the soft flesh of human life.

"Mine has never been a happy life. But I do not complain. No life is without its satisfactions. It is useless to complain; it is like asking the sun not to go down. It will not hear. It goes down. Life will not hear. It flows on.

"I began by wondering at this huge vague animal. Gradually I learned to comprehend its complexity. What seemed meaningless became significant. Every wheel spun to a destined purpose. Every rod lifted and fell with a fatal, an exorable precision. It is like a human being, this machine; it is more! It is an ogre. See those shining nippers that clutch the paper, are they not like talons, worse than eagle's —dragon's talons? They never let go. I used to think their motion most wonderful, most graceful. I hate them! They bit off these two fingers. Look how smoothly the bed flows back and forth under the heavy cylinder. It flows in the blood of a hundred hands. More than three generations have sacrificed themselves to this idol. I hate it.

"One works all day to get done only to come back in the morning and find the paper piled up higher than your head. The press is always hungry; it grunts and gnaws like the filthiest of beasts. I have fed it for thirty years. It is still hungry. It is sleek and round and grinds faster and faster. I cannot keep up with it. Someone else must soon take my place; some boy will come as I came thirty years ago and begin anew the old farce, the old tragedy!

"But I am not complaining. The same day I took this place I met a beautiful Russian girl. What seemed two joys came into my life on the same day. She could not talk English. For two weeks I taught her at night after work, in her father's little second-story room. She was as white as this paper, with long straight hair, black as ink. She had big wondering eyes, like some tame animal's . . . (do you see her?) She was always looking away, away, far away! Only a few words crossed her lips. But they were rich music. She blessed me with her silent love. That day I was a man. . . .

"Then one day a letter came. The next she was gone. She went over the sea. Tears were in her eyes and voice when she promised to come back. For nearly a week I could not sleep. I only wanted to cry, but no tears would come. They would only burn and burn inside. These walls seemed to be crushing me. They came nearer and nearer every day. The ceiling seemed to be falling. Every minute I expected to be crushed to death. I wanted the hills, the sea, the steppes, any place where there were no walls or ceilings. I did not want to fly. I only wanted to walk free without seeing walls or ceilings. I wanted to be loved so much . . .I was in love with love.

"She never came back. I tried to forget her. I worked by day and read by night. Her shadow trembled on the page; she breathed out of the book, it was redolent of her. It was always her I read about. She became indelibly impressed upon my mind. I see now her white teeth and slow-turning eyes!

"Then I drank; for drinking makes the time go faster. Drink is like a bride . . . it fascinates. One follows it as one follows a woman. When everything else is gone it remains to end in grimson the gray days. One wishes for something in one's youth, and if one does not get it, why, . . . one drinks. Or maybe one gets what he wants and lives heaven's life for a few days or a few years. . . . it's all the same, and loses it all, all in a second, for a word, a look, not understood; then one drinks and dreams in the cup, and never despairs. Her figure rose from the emptied glass. . . .

"I sought others, for I wanted to love, I wanted to be loved. I go to the tryst all hot and cold, trembling, flushed, and stammering. Now I shall be loved! Such ecstasy! I shall faint! I cannot stand it . . . surely I shall die. But no! the absent one stands ever between us. I grow cold with a longing for the eyes and the hands and the lips that are lost. The world is so big without the loved one; how small it seems with that one near!

"The whistle! The belts hiss; the pulleys sing. The Old Boy is calling me. He hungers for the soft smooth paper. We all hunger."

Still Slave.

By FREDERICK IRONS BAMFORD.

HOU claim'st this Earth thy birth-right, home,—and yet,
Not yet, strong, dignified in presence proud
Of King, Czar, Pope, or Lord bourgeois? Back, back
To chamber lone, poor Thrall! Purge, scourge thyself!
And stand self-franchised Citizen with these!

Russian Socialists and "Terrorism".

IN the whole International Socialist movement there is no name more deservedly honored to-day than that of our estemed Russian comrade and friend, George Plechanoff, whose portrait we give. He is a profound thinker and a writer of remarkable power and insight.

In a recent letter to the Editor, Plechanoff refers to the late disturbances in Russia and the attitude of the Russian Social Democratic Party thereto, from which we take the liberty of quoting for the benefit of our readers. The following passages are a literal translation from the letter, which is in French:

"And this is what I am anxious to tell you above all: In western Europe, just as in America, only that is known about our Russian movement, which most forcibly strikes the eye. Now attempted political assassination strikes foreigners by far more forcibly than any other fact of our movement. Upon these attempts, so foreigners generally believe, the entire Russian revolutionary forces are concentrated. This is a grave mistake. The force of our revolutionary movement rests in the movement of the working classes, in the development of their class consciousness. But attempted political assassination adds nothing to the development of this consciousness; on the contrary, it creates many new obstacles. Everything taken into consideration, these attempts are, at the present time, harmful to the revolutionary movement of the working classes in Russia.

GEORGE PLECHANOFF.

"That is why the Russian Social Democracy condemns those tactics which are called terroristic. It is convinced that czarism will not be overthrown by attacks directed against one or another of its servers. To put an end to our present political reign, a movement of the masses is required, and this movement is already an eminent one. Our duty bids us to increase it by all the means at our command. Of all these means, agitation of the masses is the most efficient one. Accordingly, we are in favor of agitation!

"If this subject is of interest to your readers, I will write an article about it for you, whenever time permits me. At present I am writing a pamphlet on terrorism in Russia. In the meantime, be assured that the Russian Social Democracy is opposed to these rather Anarchistic tactics."

Bring on the Swab!

THE hosts of Heaven are rising up
From all the ghosts beneath the sod
Who drank, on earth, Toil's bitter cup,
And sent their vengeance cry to God!
The hosts of Hell see, now, Black Doom
For legal masks to starve and rob!
"Haste! wash the blood stains from the tomb!
Bring on the Swab! Bring on the SCHWAB!

"We hear the trump of Judgment call
For all our crimes 'gainst poor and weak!
O let the rocks upon us fall!
Don't let the murdered children speak!
Call HANNAH with the whitewash pail!
Our bunco tent is going to fall!
Bid CARNAGE-E his FRICK-ate sail!
O. (S) TEDDY all! O! (S) TEDDY all!

"Let's push off from our crumbling QUAY!
We're surely running on the rocks!
This won't be any baby's play—
They'll pound us with our slugger KNOX!
We've planted Greed, Lust, Murder, Pride!
We've got to eat its bitter fruit!
SMITH WALLER'd in its gory tide!
We're rotten at the ROOT! the ROOT!

"Alas! we're sneaking hypocrites!
A pack of pharisaic fools!

We're cornered and we'll get hot fits!
We're just a crowd of mean "Jay" GHOULS!
Our tarifh Elephant's too old!
The tawny Tiger doesn't scare!
Slick "Jack-all" PLATT's no longer bold!
Bring on the BAER! Bring on the BAER!

"Alas! we're just a broken REED,
We've sold our virtue like a HOAR.
The people know we've "gone to seed,"
They'll dance slum (M)ORGAN tunes no more!
The very Democrats are sick!
A nest of rats hide under HILL!
Gross GROVER's turned to "train oil" slick,
And GORMAN's gorged his belly's fill!

"Hark that stern cry of BROTHERHOOD!
Advancing like a mighty wall!
I fear we rats can't corner food;
They'll give it round to each and all!
Somehow it rallies Great and Good!
Our sneak thief ice is getting thin,
We care not for the JOHNSON FLOOD!
But that the SOCIALISTS will win!"

—J. W. S.

The Third Lesson.

A Story of the Multi-Billion Trust.

By HAROLD C. ROBINSON.

HAT wonderful Mr. Sfinx!

Yesterday unknown—to-day his picture in all the newspapers, his name in everybody's mouth, and Wall street in a flurry because of him.

The reason for this square-jawed stranger's sudden notoriety? Simple enough. He had thrown down the gauntlet to the Multi-Billion Trust, that gigantic combination of capital which was to control every article necessary to the existence of civilized man. What all the machinery of the law, backed by the pressure of public opinion and the avowed wishes of the President could not effect, Sfinx had undertaken to accomplish single-handed. The Great Head of the Trust had refused to sell at any price; Sfinx declared he would force him to accept the generous offer already made by Congress and endorsed by the President.

It began to look as if Sfinx would make good.

His first appearance in public affairs had been the calm invasion of the Trust's offices during an important meeting.

Just what happened between the financiers and the uninvited guest was never published, but later in the day certain bulletin boards recorded that one A. Sfinx, electrician, had been confined in the ———th street station for disturbance of the peace and anarchistic utterances.

The sardonic smiles with which this notice was read by certain men of shameless wealth, changed to puzzled frowns a few hours later when a supplemental bulletin was chalked up. The new one read:

A. Sfinx escaped! Wall of ——th street station crumbled to ashes by unknown force. Police utterly bewildered. Note left by prisoner:

"The First Lesson.—A. Sfinx."

The Chief Magnate of the Trust did not rest well that night. The square-jawed stranger's words—words of fire, but temperately used—rang in his ears and tormented his brain: they mingled in his dreams with wilder utterances, shrieked by wierd, harsh voices.

"Vampire—fattening on blood wrung from your fellow creatures—listen! The haggard women and pallid children who must toil from dawn till dark—and all night long, that your cotton mills may declare a ninety per cent. dividend—cry out against you.

"The little babes who never go to school—never play in God's sweet sunshine—cry out; and in later years, those of them who grow up—dwarfed in body and soul because of your greed—shall curse your memory. You are the lawless! You are the Anarchist! But your end is nigh—is nigh."

And through it all the Magnate was followed and menaced relentlessly by the angry glare of a single yellow eye. A serpent's or tiger's it seemed, and though he knew, sub-consciously, that it was only the stone in the curious ring on Sfinx's accusing hand, he froze with terror at the sight.

As he toyed with his breakfast, the Magnate pondered vexedly. His dreams were only dreams, but the power that enabled a man to go through a brick wall—with the ease of a trained dog through a paper hoop—that troubled him.

Was he who consorted with emperors to be thwarted thus?

"Never! and yet——"

His heavy thoughts were interrupted by the lively tinkle of the telephone.

Strange things had happened in his office—could he come at once?

Surely. And what a sight there for a man of affairs, with secrets to keep! The locks vanished from his doors, his great safe a skeleton shape of ashes that a touch would destroy! The Magnate sank into a chair, pointing wildly at the phantom.

"What does it mean?"

The clerk did not know, but produced a letter.

It was very brief: "The Second Lesson.—A. Sfinx."

"That Sfinx again," bleated the Magnate.

The clerk stood respectfully silent, but Sergeant Blake advancing, suggested an examination of the safe's contents.

They were intact; not so much as an elastic band had been disturbed.

"Where is this infernal scoundrel?" demanded the Magnate.

"At the Waldorf probably. He sent a check from there to pay for damages done to the station. He will surely reimbur——"

"Arrest him at once."

Sergeant Blake shrugged doubtfully. "Easy done, but how am I to hold him?"

The Magnate swore luridly. "Shadow him, then."

Six months earlier the revolting details of a succession of horrible murders in Chinatown had sent a shudder throughout the country. The perpetrator of the most devilish one had been arrested—tried—found guilty, and was to be executed to-day.

The twelve men composing the executive body of the Trust could not see why their important meeting should be interrupted for the purpose of witnessing a mangy Mongol's finish, but the President's invitation was a command and they assembled in the Tombs according to his wishes.

"And why?" they queried, "should that pestilent fellow Sfinx be present?"

They soon discovered.

"We are here," said the President, "to see a man punished for interfering with the rights of his fellows; Mr. Sfinx will explain why."

The man who was becoming a thorn in the side of the Trust bowed slightly. "Gentlemen," he said, "some time ago, in my electrical experimenting, I happened to discover a new or a hitherto unknown manifestation of power. By its means I am able to overcome the force of cohesion and disintegrate and turn to dust any solid body. I used it upon the station wall—upon your locks—your heavy safe. I might have robbed you—I did not. I have no wish to rob you or anyone, but, by Heaven, *you* shall not rob! You shall not fleece the people of the United States as you have so long and as you hope—with this new combine—to do still further. No!" he thundered, "sooner will I fling broadcast to the world the dangerous secret that I had hoped to carry with me to my grave!"

There was an uneasy stir, after which the speaker went on more calmly; "you have seen that your wealth cannot be protected. I will show you now how your lives would be imperilled were this awful power in the hands of a people rendered desperate by poverty and injustice.

"At the suggestion of the President, and with the consent of the proper authorities, I shall undertake the repulsive duty of sheriff and, in executing this wretch whose life is justly forfeit, give you a third, and, I hope, a final exhibition of the force of 'dehesion.'"

As he spoke, Sfinx slowly raised his right arm toward the condemned Highbinder, who sat dull-eyed, apathetic. Sparks of blue and rosy light streamed and flickered tremulously from the ring on his little finger. The Chinaman, in serene con-

sciousness of the approval of his tong and his Joss, paid no attention. Then a tiny yellow ray shot across to the Highbinder's head. For a second the stupid Mongol face glowed, then a cold gray pallor overspread the features, the top of the skull rose slightly, the body settled back in the chair. An instant later the entire head—reduced to impalpable powder—drifted down upon the quivering body; two arcs of blood spouted from the great arteries of the neck and lay in crimson pools upon the floor.

The soul of the Chinaman was with his fathers.

A cold, sickening shudder thrilled the spectators.

"The third lesson," said Sfinx.

In staring headlines next day's papers announced that the Multi-Billion Trust had sold out to the Government.

Cobbler Peter and his Vote.

This is our old friend, Cobbler Peter,
And his actions are worthy of note.
He'll kill that Capitalist "skeeter"
By a sensible use of his vote.

S.

The Forging of the Trusts.

By ETHELYN BRYANT CHAPMAN.

HEY take us, metal pliant to their will,
And on their anvils strong we helpless lie;
Then, blow on blow their hammers fall, until
Grown cold with pain we utter not one cry
But finer grow, and stronger. Unaware
The blacksmiths forge their own steel fetters there.

Views and Reviews.

I HAVE received from Benedict Prieth a copy of J. William Lloyd's latest book, of which he is the publisher. "The Natural Man" is a quaint but pleasing little Arcadian romance of a man who lived close to Nature, making his own home and clothing, and living freely after his own fashion, untrammeled by conventional ideas. Living alone in a little Eden of his own making, in the Adirondacks, this ideal man, poet, sculptor, and philosopher—a sort of idealized Thoreau—leads others by force of example alone to settle near him in a little community, where each lives as nearly as possible a life of complete liberty.

The story is told in simple prose, with two or three poems interwoven. Of these "Triolet" bears quoting:

"To lie on one's back and look at the sky,
Up thro' the branches and leaves of green!
Why, I used to do that when only so high—
Lie on my back and look up at the sky,
At the white and the blue, and wish I could fly:
It gives one a feeling so great and serene
To lie on one's back and gaze at the sky,
Up thro' the branches and leaves of green."

Altogether it is a pleasant little tale, born of a poet's longing and dreams. And, as it should be, it is published in excellent style. Well printed upon "Old Stratford" paper, with a title page design in two colors by Frank B. Rae, Jr., of the Alwil Shop, it makes a charming volume, highly creditable to author, publisher, and all others concerned.

Another book of beautiful appearance comes from the Philosopher Press, which is in Wausau, Wisconsin, by the sign of the green pine tree. Under the title of "In Defense of Judas," Messrs. Van Vechten and Ellis have issued a reprint of an exceptionally strong piece of blank verse, by William Wetmore Story, which was originally entitled "A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem."

As its new and more fitting title indicates, the poem is an attempt to vindicate an act that has been held up to universal execration. There is nothing absolutely new in the view that Judas, in betraying his master, Christ, acted from the purest motives, and that so far from being the vile creature history and tradition have made him, he was really the most faithful and devoted of the twelve apostles. Full many a theological disquisition has had the same theme. Mr. Story's verse, however, is remarkable for its literary qualities, and, equally, for the convincing manner in which he defends the name and character of Judas.

Like all the books published by Messrs. Van Vechten and Ellis that I have seen, "In Defense of Judas" is a beautiful example of modern book-printing. The paper is a good white deckel edge, and the ink of the text a good black. The pages are well proportioned, and though severely simple and plain, the whole effect is most pleasing. The volume is bound in boards, boxed, and is a marvellously good book—marvellously cheap.

The Abbey Press is one of the newest and most enterprising of New York publishing houses and its output is simply marvellous. The latest of its publications that I have read is "The Commoner Condensed," by William Jennings Bryan. As the title implies, the book is a collection of Mr. Bryan's articles which have appeared from time to time in his paper, "The Commoner."

As a rule, it is rather a dangerous experiment to make a book out of the editorial articles of a newspaper. No matter how gifted the writer, or how brilliant his style, there is about the editorial written upon some question of the hour a something which does not survive the occasion. Even the editorials

of Horace Greeley and the elder Dana which stirred the nation at the time they were written, make, for the most part, dry reading to-day. And Mr. Bryan is neither a Greeley nor a Dana.

I do not read "The Commoner." In common with a good many other people, I confess to a surfeit of Mr. Bryan. He is no longer interesting. But I have read this book patiently and with every desire to do its irrepressible author justice, and I am bound to say that there is scarcely a line in it from cover to cover which suggests the scholar or thinker. It is throughout the voice of the machine politician and demagogue. In all that concerns the internal affairs of his party (if indeed the phrase is permissible) Mr. Bryan displays a great deal of shrewdness and cunning; but upon the deeper questions of our industrial and social life he never rises above dreary platitudinous ranting. The editor of "The Commoner" is a very commonplace mediocrity, after all! The book is well printed and tastefully bound.

"Songs of a Child" is the title of a bulky volume of poems published in England by the Leadenhall Press, London, and imported into this country by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is from many points of view one of the most noteworthy collections of verse published in recent years, and has already had a large sale in England, the first part being now in its third edition. The fact that they were written by a child between the age of ten and seventeen years, and that their author has seen fit to give them to the world for the first time a quarter would be sufficient to entitle them to more than passing notice. Most of us have written verses between the age of ten and seventeen years, and lived to be grateful for the oblivion which claimed them. Most of us have fulfilled the prediction of some sagely cynical friend and "grown out of the habit" of dedicating verses to every blushing maid, and every nestling flower, seen in our rambles. Great, indeed, must be the confidence in their merit, of the author, who, after the mellowing influences of twenty-five years, decides to give to the world the creations of childhood's fancy. In this case the confidence is justly based.

Lady Florence Dixie, the author of these poems, is a member of the proud house of Douglas, than which there is no more historic name in all the annals of British aristocracy. She is well known for her strong humanitarian sympathies, and, strange as it may seem, she is not a little inclined toward Socialism. Above all, she is not afraid to express her convictions, and there is scarcely a subject upon which she has not expressed herself in the most vigorous fashion.

What most impresses one in reading many of the poems in this collection is not the technique of the poems—though that is wonderful in the work of one so young—so much as the evidences they contain of deep thinking upon the profoundest questions of religious and philosophic doubt. There are poems of friendship, of love, of grief, some of them exquisite, but above all are the poems wherein the child's reason and soul cry out against the tenets of orthodox Christianity. "A Child's Search for God," "A Skeptic's Defense," and "Abel Avenged," a dramatic tragedy in three acts, are terrible evidences of the thoughts raised in the minds of many children by unwise attempts to force them into an acceptance of the teachings of dogmatic theology. It seems almost ridiculous to compare "Abel Avenged," written when the author was fourteen, with the works of Milton, as some critics have done, yet I confess no other comparison occurs to me. There is an almost Miltonic grandeur and sweep in the piece coupled with an originality of thought, and a reverential doubt, which together make it one of the great masterpieces of the literature of liberal thought. Unfortunately, no adequate quotation is possible in these columns, and all that remains is to commend the volume to every lover of poetry, and to every advanced thinker, which I cordially do.

Mr. Ryan Walker, whose excellent work as a Socialist cartoonist is well known to readers of THE COMRADE, has collected a number of his most striking and impressive cartoons, which, under the title "The Social Hell," will shortly be published by the publishers of "The Coming Nation." I have been privileged to see the advance sheets of this work, and while it must be confessed that they are very unequal in value, I am convinced that, as a whole, they will prove exceedingly popular and admirably adapted for propaganda purposes. It would be hard to find better value for a dollar than the publishers offer in this case. Twenty-five copies of the regular edition for a dollar bill ought to induce a multitude of buyers. There will also be an edition at twenty-five cents per copy.

Another book which is sure to be welcomed by a large number of people, is Ernest Crosby's new collection of poems. "Swords and Plowshares," which the Funk & Wagnalls Company have announced for early publication. The title is characteristic of Crosby, and aptly indicates the nature of the poems. If you have read "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," you will not fail to get the new volume—but if you haven't, take my advice, and get both. J. S.

Books Received.

THE DEAD CITY—A TRAGEDY. By Gabriel d'Annunzio. First English version. 12mo, silk cloth, frontispiece in colors, showing Duse in costume, portrait of the author, and reproduction of scenes from the stage production. pp. 282; price, $1.25. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

THE NATURAL MAN: A Tale of the Golden Age. By J. William Lloyd. Cloth, 140 pages. Title page in two colors, by Frank B. Rae, Jr. Price, $1.00 net. Newark: Benedict Prieth. (Printed at the Alwil Shop, Ridgewood, N. J.)

IN DEFENSE OF JUDAS. By William Wetmore Story. Boards, boxed, 37 pages. Edition limited to 527 copies. Price, $1.00 net. Wausau, Wis.: The Philosopher Press.

TRYING TO CHEAT GOD (pamphlet). By Marcus W. Robbins, 59 pages. Price, fifteen cents. Published by the author, Grant's Pass, Ore.

SONGS OF A CHILD. Parts I and II in one volume. By Lady Florence Dixie; boards, 312—207 pages. Price, five shillings. London: The Leadenhall Press, Ltd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE COMMONER CONDENSED. By William Jennings Bryan. Cloth, with portrait and two cartoons. vi, 469 pages. Price, $1.50. New York: The Abbey Press.

LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS. By John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). Cloth, 343 pages. Price, $1.50. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Cloth, illustrated, 386 pages. Price, $1.50. New York: The The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

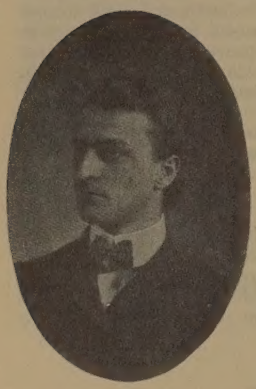
THE HERR DOCTOR. By Robert Macdonald. Cloth, illustrated, 138 pages. Price, forty cents net. New York: The Funk & Wagnalls Company.

FOUR PRECURSORS OF HENRY GEORGE. By J. Morrison Davidson Cloth, 151 pages. New edition; price, two shillings net. London: Francis R. Henderson.

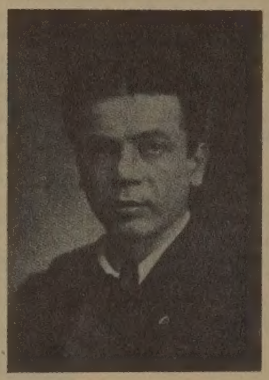
* Any book mentioned on this page can be obtained from this office at the publishers' price.

Portrait Gallery of Socialist Worthies.

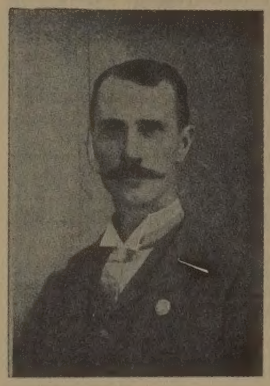
VII.



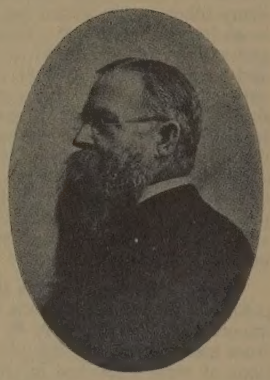
M. BALLARD DUNN,
Editor "Missouri Socialist."



SOL. FIELDMAN,
An Aggressive New York Agitator.



W. A. COREY,
A well-known Socialist Writer of California.



R. A. SOUTHWORTH,
Editor "The Alliance of the Rockies," Denver, Col

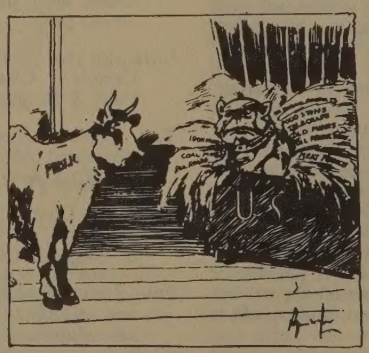
TO OUR READERS.

WE believe that this issue, the first of a new volume, will be admitted to be in many respects superior to its predecessors. The specially designed initials by Mr. Pette and Mr. Dahme—those with the floral designs being by the latter—add greatly to the appearance of the magazine. There are other improvements, too, in matter as well as in form, which we hope will add to the pleasure of our readers.

The publication of the communication from our distinguished and honored comrade and friend, George Plechanoff, is somewhat of a new departure and will be followed by others equally interesting from some of the leading Socialists of Europe. In our next issue Prof. Emile Vinck, of Brussels, will describe for us the Socialist Co-operative Societies of that country. These contributions from the leaders of International Socialism should prove very attractive to most of our readers, and we believe they will.

Among other notable contributions for the next issue may be mentioned "How I Became a Socialist," by Mrs. May Wood Simons; a charming nature-study by J. William Lloyd, and a descriptive article upon the Alwil Shop at Ridgewood, N. J.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not be familiar with its work, we may say that the Alwil Shop is the name of one of the most encouraging and successful of the many establishments in the country, where beautiful books are being produced. Nothing is more encouraging to the Socialist than this widespread revival of the old handicrafts, and we shall from time to time have illustrated articles upon most of the notable arts and crafts associations at home and abroad, including The Roycrofters, The Doves Press, The Blue Sky Press, etc.



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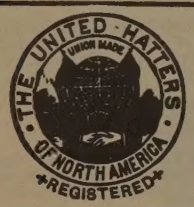

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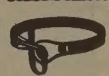

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